

THE  
PHENIX



• WOLSINGHAM •  
SECONDARY SCHOOL  
• • MAGAZINE • •

21 July 1976



# phoenix

The Magazine of Wolsingham Secondary School

No. 50 July 1976

Editors: Philip Vickers Susan Cottrell



## EDITORIAL

As the school year once more draws to a close the arduous task of compiling a readable and interesting magazine falls upon our shoulders. Our pleas for material resulted in an overwhelming number of entries which made the final choice difficult to say the least. We would therefore like to extend our commiserations to those people who, because of lack of space, will not find their attempts published in the following pages but we hope it will in no way stifle their literary talent.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Boynes and Mrs. Edwards for their invaluable assistance, to Mr. Charlton and his Lower Sixth Art group for the excellent illustrations and to all the people who have contributed either materially or critically to this year's magazine.

The Wolsingham *Phoenix* has been rising from the proverbial ashes since 1905 during which time it must have witnessed many changes and innovations. Staff and pupils have come and gone; the school itself has progressed and blossomed from Grammar to Secondary and now it is on the brink of Comprehensive re-organisation. Whatever changes that will bring about we sincerely hope that the *Phoenix* will continue to "rise" for many years to come.

## TEACHING STAFF 1975-76

Mr. D. Barker . . .	<i>Headmaster</i>
Mr. F. Buckle . . .	<i>Deputy Headmaster</i>
Mrs. J. I. Fletcher . . .	<i>Senior Mistress</i>
Mr. W. Smith . . .	<i>Senior Master (Lower School)</i>
Miss C. Laidlow . . .	<i>Senior Mistress (Lower School)</i>

Mrs. A. Allen— <i>English, Crafts</i>	*Mr. J. Heatherington— <i>Boys' P.E.</i>
Mrs. E. Bell— <i>Biology</i>	*Mr. C. Henderson— <i>Geography</i>
Mr. P. Berresford— <i>English</i>	Mrs. J. Heron— <i>Home Economics</i>
Mr. J. Bolam— <i>Gen. Subjects, Science</i>	Miss H. Jameson— <i>General Subjects</i>
Mrs. J. Bozonet— <i>Girls' P.E.</i>	*Mr. M. Jones— <i>Music</i>
*Mr. W. Boynes— <i>English</i>	Mr. S. Kell— <i>Mathematics, Accounts</i>
*Mrs. L. Buckle— <i>Girls' P.E.</i>	Mr. M. Latter— <i>Science</i>
*Mr. K. Charlton— <i>Art</i>	*Mr. T. Lay— <i>Business Studies</i>
Mrs. S. Charlton— <i>History</i>	*Mr. J. Lee— <i>Biology</i>
Mr. A. Draper— <i>Music, Economics</i>	Mrs. A. May— <i>English</i>
Mr. L. Dawson— <i>C.S.E.</i>	Miss J. Mellars— <i>Biology, Gen. Subjects</i>
Miss N. Dawson— <i>General Subjects</i>	*Mr. J. Mellor— <i>R.I.</i>
*Miss M. Defty— <i>Mathematics</i>	Mr. T. Musgrave— <i>Physics</i>
Mr. C. Donaghy—	*Mr. R. Padfield— <i>History</i>
<i>Co-ordinator R.O.S.L.A.</i>	*Mr. R. Potter— <i>Chemistry</i>
Mrs. P. Edwards— <i>English, R.I.</i>	Mr. G. Price— <i>Metahwork</i>
Miss F. Errington— <i>Art</i>	Mrs. S. Rhodes— <i>Mathematics</i>
Mr. M. Farrey— <i>Boys' P.E.</i>	Mr. M. Rossall— <i>Geography</i>
Mrs. M. Forster— <i>English, Crafts</i>	*Mr. K. Shilvock— <i>Classics</i>
Mrs. S. Gates— <i>English</i>	Miss K. Simpson— <i>French</i>
Mr. D. Gent— <i>Technical Subjects</i>	*Mr. J. Smith— <i>German</i>
*Miss S. Gill— <i>Home Economics</i>	Mr. P. Steel— <i>English, French</i>
Mr. I. Gordon— <i>Mathematics</i>	*Mr. A. Turnbull— <i>Physics</i>
Miss S. Goulden— <i>Geography</i>	*Mr. G. Turner— <i>Tech. Subjects, Careers</i>
Dr. S. Grainger— <i>Chemistry</i>	Mrs. C. Vickers— <i>Home Economics</i>
*Mr. S. Hall— <i>French</i>	Mr. W. Walker— <i>Woodwork</i>
Miss E. Hallam— <i>Girls' P.E.</i>	Mr. K. Walters— <i>Rural Studies</i>

*\*Head of Department*

## PART-TIME

Mrs. M. Eccleston— <i>Home Economics</i>	Mrs. A. Holden— <i>Remedial</i>
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## CLERICAL STAFF

Miss C. Reed	Mrs. J. Brough	Mrs. J. Cranstone	Miss C. Emerson
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## LABORATORY STAFF

Mrs. M. Hicks	Mrs. B. Haley
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## PREFECTS

### Boys

*Head Boy:* Brian Rundle

*Deputy Head Boy:* James A. Sewell

Richard Boakes  
Andrew Candler  
Bryan Coughtrey  
Lawrence Defty  
Norman Emerson

Ian Fleming  
Stephen Harrison  
Gary Hobbs  
Neil Laws  
Alistair Liddle

Shane Longhorne  
John Reid  
Neil Tweddle  
Barry Underwood

### Girls

*Head Girl:* Judith Corker

*Deputy Head Girl:* Barbara Murrie

Susan Barker  
Ann Bonsfield  
Marion Evans  
Janice Gill  
Christine Jones  
Zeta Mackrell

Lynne Maddison  
Carole Milburn  
Linda Peake  
Jacqueline Potts  
Anne Proud  
Jennifer Robinson

Anne Stobbs  
Patricia Walton  
Joy White  
Sheila White  
Anne Wright  
Susan Wright



C. OWENS, L.6M.S.



## SOCIETY AND ACADEMIC NEWS

IN September 1975 we welcomed to the staff six new members: Mr. I. O. Gordon as successor to Mr. Heffernan, Mr. G. W. Price to take over from Mr. Lewis in the Metalwork Department, Mrs. S. Gates and Mr. P. W. Berresford in the English Department, Mr. P. Steel in the English and French Departments, Mrs. Ecclestone to help part-time with Domestic Science, and Miss Monia Sakly from Tunisia to help with French conversation.

During the same month, Mrs. Sheila Hutchinson, secretary at the Lower School, left in order to take over a sub-Post Office. She was replaced by Mrs. J. Brough who moved from the Senior School, and Mrs. J. Cranstone filled the vacant post. At Easter Miss Christine Emerson was appointed for clerical duties.

The new cook supervisor, Mrs. J. Paley, started in October.

At the end of November, Mrs. Heys resigned her teaching post to prepare for the arrival of her baby daughter. We would like to send Mr. and Mrs. Heys and Rebecca our best wishes for the future.

In January 1976, Mr. Marquis came to assist with History during Mrs. Charlton's absence, and Mr. Latter to take over Mrs. Hey's duties.

We have to thank Mrs. Anne Parkin (nee Graham) for coming to help us during the illness of Miss Jameson during the Christmas term and of Mr. Padfield during 1976. We are glad that both Miss Jameson and Mr. Padfield are fully restored to health.

Our congratulations go to Mr. and Mrs. Charlton on the birth of their son, Andrew, and Mr. and Mrs. Draper on the birth of their daughter, Catherine.

We should like to offer our best wishes to Miss Goulden who is leaving to be married and will afterwards be living in Scarborough, and to Miss Hallam, who after her marriage in August will be returning as Mrs. Matthews.

We are pleased to hear from the following old pupils: Brian Foster, who is researching for a Ph.D. at Oxford after gaining a first class degree in Honours Physics at London University.

Michael Temple, who gained a first class degree in Chemical Engineering at Sheffield and is now working for B.P. at Southampton.

Ann Mitchell, who gained an upper second class degree in Psychology at Exeter and is now working for an M.Sc. degree in Child psychology at Nottingham.

## SCRAPBOOK 1975-76

How often is it the pedagogue's lot to explain that his pupils have minds like sieves? Yet I must confess that when I took up my pen for the sixth time of asking—to compile my annual Wolsingham goulash, I was somewhat at a loss for ideas and words. What had happened? Precious little it seemed. On reflection, and with the assistance of colleagues and pupils, the ingredients were collected and the recipe is cooked—rather rehashed with the help or . . . of Mr. Draper who contrived to hide the original dish in a safe place—a freezer I hope.

The Autumn term was dominated by the pantomime, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, and as in the previous year its influence was felt by a wide range of departments. Despite this, academic work continued, but it must be said, not entirely unhindered. The production was a great success, though some of the jokes were a little too sophisticated and convoluted for the junior audiences, and the horse did not seem to have quite the same appeal as Daisy the cow in the previous year. The primary children forwarded their critical efforts as usual, and the cast eagerly scanned them to ascertain the most popular characters. The dwarfs endeared themselves to all audiences even though personnel changes had to be made at the eleventh, or should it be witching, hour. The choice of next term's effort has caused great debate, and at least one of the producers, Mr. D... considers himself an expert on fairy stories of the world, having read all those available. Most were rejected on the grounds that they were too gruesome, though any of these would be appreciated by certain members of 4A whose sense of humour seems peculiarly twisted. Eventually *Robinson Crusoe* was decided upon, and that great corn chandler Mr. D... and his assistants are busy with the script. Additional characters are to be invented to make the project worthwhile—Man. United in addition to Man Friday?—small man doubtless.

Christmas parties, as usual these days, continued to be noisy affairs, not as a result of riotous behaviour on the part of the participants, but rather the blaring of disco loudspeakers sounding forth the latest pop records. As always, thanks are due to the Art Department for the Hall decorations—this year the theme being Pantomimes, and to Mrs. Heron and her minions for the edible delights which are probably the chief attraction for some party-goers. Certain members of staff should be congratulated on their cavorting on the dance floor, dragged there somewhat unwillingly by their pupils. One pleasing change noted this year, in that there was at least a limited demand for more formal types of dancing.

At the P.T.A. Dance, Miss Reed (Carol) spent a dazzling evening



taking photographs of all and sundry with varying success, as the results later showed. Fortunately, Mr. Donaghy's camera survived the experience, though the future existence of some of Carol's other victims is threatened by their exposure in the "Donaghy Follies" on Open Night. This seems to have been the year of the shortage, with a lack of money to buy books etc., a lack of cheap potatoes, of water (though less noticeable here), of snow (to the dismay of many), and a reduction in the standard of the postal service—the van is later than the bicycle of former times. Postal problems at Christmas caused the County to send salary cheques to the Divisional Office at Bishop Auckland, to be collected by representatives from the various schools. Mr. Boynes and Mrs. Edwards sallied forth on our behalf, but did not return for several hours, the explanation being a shattered windscreen, which occurred, believe it or not, when the car was stationary—caused by a sudden rise in temperature in the area? The potato 'famine' has produced some interesting changes in the menus for school dinners, the mash being replaced by scones (plain and cheese), bread, spaghetti and unbelievably on one occasion, crisps. When potatoes were served, the portions were markedly reduced. As indicated above, the national water shortages affected us little, our local reservoirs being full, and there is no connection between water saving and the notice in the bus park which reads, "persons using the swimming pool do not proceed beyond this point." It is rumoured that a new land swimming technique is being developed for the 1980 Olympics. With regard to the lack of snow, and the generally mild character of the winter, some 'O' level candidates might be forgiven for thinking that we now have a Mediterranean climate, their notes giving the standard description of warm, wet winters and hot dry summers. The winter warmth had an effect other than uninterrupted school opening in that it allowed the 'flu virus' to run riot. The lower school was hardest hit but the top school population by no means escaped unscathed, and some members of staff suffered severely. The most notable was Mr. Padfield who developed serious side-effects. We are pleased to record that he is now recovering well. His absence was a major blow, especially as it coincided with that of Mrs. Charlton—for a much happier reason—the birth of a son, Andrew. Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Charlton; and also to Mr. and Mrs. Draper on the birth of a daughter Catherine (spelled like the wheel, according to the proud father) weighing 3836g. Please note that your correspondent keeps up with the times, despite his innate antipathy to the metric system. During Mrs. Charlton's leave of absence in the Spring term, her classes were instructed by Dr. J. Marquis, an Anglo-American expert on Russian education. His visit enlivened the men's staffroom, and 'Big Jim II' will be long remembered, particularly by certain colleagues who indulged in long and occasionally heated arguments. The school's main memory will probably be of his crank Spenserian attire, on wet days, which left Miss A. Stobbs bereft of a part to play.



I referred last year to an extension of the men's staffroom at the top school, and suggested that on past experience it would probably materialise in 1984. I must now eat my words, for the work is actually in progress, and should be completed by the end of term. The congestion in the original room during the Spring term had to be seen to be believed, for in addition to Dr. Marquis, we had three students billeted on us, and there was hardly room to move, let alone sit down in comfort. More apologies were uttered than ever before, and among such a gentlemanly group that is a considerable point. Two large holes have been made in the north wall, and, as the former corridor beyond is on a higher plane, we are to have steps and a balustrade. It is to be hoped that the English Department do not wish to commandeer the room for a production of "Romeo and Juliet." For the present the staff are residing in the VIth Form Common Room, and are still unaccustomed to the space available. This can be seen in the tendency to congregate in groups with large gaps between. The VIth form have not expressed much approval of the arrangement, though their need for the room at the moment is minimal. It has been suggested that on our return to the staffroom, we will all be issued with string and pegs to stake our claims for space, or alternatively it should be marked out with white lines like a car park.

During the year, several musical events have taken place, including a concert by the budding instrumentalists of the Music Centre, the Junior Schools' Music Festival (assisted by said musicians), the Carol Service, and a concert given by the School Choir and the County Youth Brass Band in aid of local charities. The first of these necessitated hard labour for certain members of staff, pupils not being allowed to carry harpsichords. That recent addition to the music room, of the light tinkling sound, has a weight out of all proportion. We staggered across the yard, and eventually into the Hall where it was reassembled. The return journey after the concert was achieved by use of Mr. Kell's estate car. The progress was funereal, even to the pall bearers who had to hold on to the "coffin" to ensure it remained in place especially on the slope to the top yard. The "bearers" almost required their own coffins as a result of inhaling the exhaust fumes. The final concert on May 5th was extremely successful, both from the point of view of the audience and for eight local organisations (at Tow Law, Rookhope, Wearhead, Ireshopeburn, St. John's Chapel, Sunnyside and Crook), each receiving £5. The total now donated from such concerts is £87.35. The organisers wish to thank Messrs. Webb, Harrison (S), and Gill for their assistance with the stage, lighting, and front of house.

Additional equipment provided this year includes tables, chairs and lockers at the lower school, a chicken house, a Music Centre, a colour television, video recorder, and cine equipment. The problems with the replacement of desks at the lower school are that the rooms



are not large enough for the tables, and a request for a different book during a lesson entails a rush to the lockers, instead of a mere lifting of desk lids. Mr. Walters is proud of his little wooden hut and its cheeping contents, and we hope that they do not suffer the fate that befell the tops of the cold frames one extremely windy day last term. The installation of the colour T.V. in Room 2 allowed the transfer of the black and white set to the Geography room from whence it originally came. The main advantage is that the L.VI Science can now view at least part of 'Playschool' during break, and the Welsh programme in the dinner hour.

In the *Phoenix* of 1974 there is an article on Wolsingham Grammar School in 1800, when the Headmaster was a Rev. Peter Iann. This term we received a request from the School of Navigation at the City of London Polytechnic for information on a Mrs. Janet Taylor who ran a Nautical Academy on the site of that school between 1833 and 1860. It transpires that Mrs. Taylor was a daughter of the Rev. Peter Iann, born May 13th 1804, and most probably tutored in Mathematics by him. Apparently she had a world-wide reputation for her publication of Navigation manuals as "Lunar and Horary Tables" and "Directions to the Planisphere of the Stars." She died at West Auckland in 1870.

The reactions of pupils sitting 'O' and 'A' level exams are varied, ranging from confidence to despair, but so far none have tried to emulate three birds, who during the first week of the examinations flew against the upper windows of the gym like Kamikaze pilots. Bees have produced some consternation amongst candidates—one flying into a pencil case for convenient removal, and another crawling on one girl's neck. Where the latter went, after being flicked off, no-one knows.

Links with the continent have been strengthened this year in a number of ways. Wolsingham Secondary School is now twinned with the Secondary School at Airaines in the Department of the Somme in France. We plan exchange visits, the linking of forms, projects on our respective areas, and the development of pen-friendships. A number of pupils have been involved with the Bishop Auckland-Ivry-Sur-Seine exchange, and they went to Paris towards the end of the Easter term. Their friends should be here about the time of publication of this magazine and we wish them a happy visit. During the Easter holiday a party from the lower school made a visit to Holland, and by all accounts had an interesting and enjoyable time.

We now prepare for another year, a year of drastic change in the composition of the school, as full comprehensivisation (an ugly word) is introduced. The character of the place is sure to alter, but we must strive to minimise the effects upon our long-established standards, encouraging our pupils to become reasonable, balanced members of society.

*M. Rossall.*

## TRIBUTE

### GOODBYE WOLSINGHAM

SADNESS is the only word to describe my feelings as I leave for seaside pastures new. After such a short return I must now break the friendly links made with the staff and pupils. It seems a pity to go just as I have managed to learn the names of the many pupils I have been teaching.

My memories of Wolsingham will be very varied. The hard work of sitting hours marking the mammoth pile of 4B's books, for instance, and the pleasure of finding one person with the exercise correct. The rush from the third floor of the 'top' school to the next lesson in the far classroom of the 'bottom' school. The finding of a nice warm radiator to stand beside on a cold winter's day. Pupils in the fourth and fifth forms who are not allowed to stand up in my lessons as they tower a foot above my head and being careful not to need the top of the blackboard in certain classrooms.

Apart from these general impressions, however, there are certain events which I shall never forget. This year's Staff versus Pupils hockey match, for instance, when I was purposely tripped up. The fieldwork with the C.S.E. Environmental Studies group when a diving and swimming lesson was given by a person un-named as he slowly slipped into the gurgling few centimetres of the Waskerley Beck. Also, with the same group, the occasion when a wet, muddy, Spring day saw us bouncing over the fields of a fell farm on a trailer load of hay bales while the girls at the back clung on to 'Miss' for dear life to stop her falling off into the mud.

Although often wet and uncomfortable, my work outside, like that in the classroom, has been enjoyable. I would like therefore to thank staff and pupils alike for making the start of my teaching career a happy one.

Finally may I wish all pupils health, happiness and good luck for the future.

*S. Goulden.*



## Reply

ON behalf of the school 4B would like to wish you the best of luck for the future. No doubt you will be sorry to leave such an intellectual and enthusiastic form as ours. We only hope you will find future forms as helpful and co-operative—especially in dictations!

Never again will the incessant din of 4B and of the rabble in the adjacent room try your patience and never again will you need to raise your voice above our perpetual chattering—we were only talking about equatorial glaciers!

But seriously, we hope you have enjoyed your teaching here and will take away with you only happy memories.

*Form 4B.*



*K. HOGG, L.6M.S.*

June 10th 1976

I AM leaving tomorrow for Tunisia after an enjoyable year's stay in Wolsingham. I feel very sad to leave people who have been so friendly and helpful, but I am also happy because this year has been a great experience for me.

The most daunting in my experience is the fact that I came from a Mediterranean Arab country and had to face a European or, to be more exact, an English civilisation. Fortunately I managed more or less to adapt myself to English life, thanks to the Staff and in particular to Mrs. Fletcher who made me feel at home.

The first thing which struck me about the school was the friendly and close relationship between the members of staff which is different from my country where staff have a distant relationship; the second thing was that English people in general never make the first move towards friendship but once you try to be sociable, they are extremely nice. The same can be said for the pupils. They were unwilling to speak French though some of them can do it very well. Fortunately I succeeded with them because I tried to make them feel confident and constantly reminded them that there is no harm in being wrong. Indeed quite often my English needed prompting or correcting and this I allowed them to do, thus showing that even the teacher can be wrong. I enjoyed all my teaching but most especially my lessons with the Upper Sixth. My relationship with them was as friendly as could be and I feel they appreciated it.

Living in Wolsingham was not exactly exciting. There were no social activities and no entertainment but that did not worry me because people were very friendly and always stopped to chat. I am quite sure I would have been very lonely had I stayed in a city where you can easily find entertainment but rarely friendliness.

Finally I would like to thank the headmaster who made things so convenient for me, all the staff who were friendly and sociable and all the pupils I taught who, to my great astonishment were no trouble at all.

Farewell North-East but not forever since I intend returning some time on holiday to see the people to whom I became attached because of their kindness and affection.

*Monia Sakly.*



## THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

ALTHOUGH we only had four debates this year, I feel it was very successful and I take this opportunity to thank all those who have either participated in or attended debates.

The first meeting of the year was the traditional balloon debate, which as usual produced some very witty speeches. The chairman (Mr. Waites) managed to control the forceful Hitler and Mussolini (Mr. R. Danby and Mr. J. Fleming), who threatened everyone who did not vote for them with instant extermination, and an even more forceful Superman (Mr. S. Harrison) who turned out to be not quite so super as first thought. Dracula (Miss J. White) left us in no doubt of his evil intentions but the parachutes were finally given to the Curly-Wurly man (Miss B. Murrie) and Johnny and Pete (Miss M. Smith and Miss C. Robson) that notorious pair from Blue Peter.

The next debate was of a more serious nature, the motion put forward by Miss. A. Bousfield and Miss E. Anderson being, "This house believes that the troops should be withdrawn from Northern Ireland." Mr. D. Hutchinson and Mr. A. Marsh opposed the motion and all four excellent speeches from the platform gave material for a vigorous and heated argument from the floor. The chairman on this occasion was Mr. Lay. Mr. Padfield took an active part in the proceedings and after revealing the "real facts" of the situation the motion was defeated.

The third meeting was again humorous and took the form of "Twenty Questions." Team One consisted of Miss M. Evans, Mr. G. Simm and Mr. Rossall and Team Two of Miss C. Lee, Miss Goulden and Mr. Kell. The objects were very unusual, if not obscure but Team One managed to beat Team Two by 76 points to 54 points. Mr. Boynes chaired the meeting after temporarily misplacing the list of clues.

The final debate was again serious, the motion being "This house believes Britain is still great." Once again the debate was excellent, in spite of the poor attendance, and Mr. Lay and Mr. G. Richards narrowly defeated Mr. Boynes and Miss A. Bousfield, who were proposing the motion.

The annual dinner, held in the Drawing Office rounded off the year well. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Heron, the Sixth form cookery group and the waitresses for the delicious meal, Mr. Charlton and his Art group for the name cards and menu holders, and Mr. Lay for the menus themselves. Also I would like to thank our guest speaker, Miss Goulden, Mr. Rossall for an entertaining insight into teachers he has known, and finally to our President, Mr. Barker. Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Boynes for his invaluable help and may I offer the Literary and Debating Society my best wishes for continued success in the future.

*M. A. Proud, Secretary.*

## **DRAMA SOCIETY**

MEETINGS of this society have been very popular this year and we received a new injection of ideas from Mr. Steel who joined us in the Easter term. Recollections of Mr. Walters playing the part of a window as Mr. Steel portrayed a burglar intent on illegal entry remind me of the most enjoyable sessions we have had this time. We are always glad to see new faces and expect the society to go from strength to strength in the future.

*A.D.*

## **MUSIC CENTRE**

THE music centre continues to thrive and grow and we had a large crop of examination successes this year. Instrumental examinations, administered by the Associated Board, are graded from I to VIII becoming more difficult as students progress from Grade I.

At present we have one student, Carole Clarke L.VI.Sc., who has passed Grade VIII and is now preparing for her diploma, a small group preparing for Grade VI and another group ready for Grade V so in the very near future we shall have a large group of competent musicians capable of playing music of reasonable difficulty and therefore more interesting musically.

The economic cut-backs don't seem to be threatening the centre as yet, which is fortunate as the loss of the facility would be very great indeed considering the great success it has had already.

*A.D.*



## THE SENIOR CHOIR

THE choir made a promising start to the year its numbers being vastly increased. All practised with refreshed ardour for the first major event of the academic year, the Carol Service. The service of nine lessons and Carols both traditional and modern was received warmly, the customary solo item being provided by Carol Lee of 5A.

After the Christmas break work began again for a proposed concert in the Summer term in conjunction with the County Youth Brass Band. Maureen Wise, an ex-pupil, was to have sung for us, but unfortunately she was taken ill. We were, therefore, deeply grateful to Megan Jones, also an ex-pupil, who kindly agreed to sing for us at such short notice. Further solos were provided by members of the band. A medley of Black and White minstrel songs provided an excellent opportunity for audience participation. The proceeds from this concert were donated to local charities.

All thanks must go to Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Jones and the concert organisers for their hard work and determined efforts throughout the year.

*Carole Clarke, L.VI.Sc.*



*D. SMITH, L.6M.S.*

## TRAINS, FORESTS, MOORS AND THE ROMANS

THE North York Moors can appear both gentle and forbidding depending on the weather prevailing. We spent a day of intermittent sunshine and clouds one day last July seeing them in both moods. Our aim was to travel by coach to Grosmont—one of the termini of the North York Moors Railway—thence by train to Levisham through the Newtondale overflow channel (see your notes on glacial lakes), and from there on foot through the forest and over the moors to Goathland, a mere nine miles walking.

The best laid plans however, as Burns once said, can 'gang aley,' and so it was to prove. Just before entering Grosmont, after making good time from Wolsingham, we encountered a bridge only just wide enough for the coach, preceded by a right angle bend. Help from some council workmen saved the situation and we inched round and across.

The station was reached, the train boarded and the second stage of our journey commenced. Unfortunately, steam hauled trains are only allowed to travel to Pickering on certain days in the year, because of the risk of fire in the forest section to the south, and so ours was a diesel unit. Some steam engines were observed at Goathland, and then the train climbed the last short stretch to the head of Newtondale, and we were able to see the major erosional effects of the glacial meltwaters as they poured south to Lake Pickering some 25,000 years ago. We left the train at Levisham, and walked a short distance up a forest drive where we stopped to have lunch. After consuming sandwiches, etc., and thus lightening our rucksacks we prepared for the most arduous part of the day. Sudden consternation! A check on numbers of bodies revealed a shortage of four, and so, while the main pack continued on the way, Mr. Rossall had to return to Levisham Station to await the 13.04 train from Pickering in the hopes that the four runaways had realised their mistake. Time passed, the train arrived, and four anxious faces peering out relaxed into grins as they realised they had not been forgotten. It appears that our Northern Irish friend, Mr. C. Allen, had misread the name Levisham as Levi's ham, and that was not a name anyone recognised. A forced march was then needed to link up with the main group, who had luckily been considerably slowed by the steep banks in the forest. I say luckily, but that was not their whole-hearted opinion. Mr. Henderson and Mrs. Bozonet take a rather jaundiced view of Mr. Rossall's pleasant little walks through the country. A little (or some would say, a lot) further on we reached the Roman road where we paused—just about long enough to allow Mr. H. and Mrs. B. to catch up and to take photographs for Mr. Shilvock's benefit.



From here, we followed the Roman road over Wheeldale Moor, some hoping to thumb a lift in a chariot, but not one appeared. Down through the bracken to Wheeldale Lodge Youth Hostel, and on to the road at Hunt House, from where we could see a series of small overflow channels as nicks in the skyline. The coach was waiting in Goathland near the Mallyan Hotel, and with the stragglers on board we paid a quick visit to the village proper—shops etc., before the rain began. It then poured down—a foretaste of our fate at Malham—but we were in the dry and on our way home.



*K. HOGG, L.6M.S.*

## HOLLAND — Easter 1976

It was Friday 9th April and everyone who was going to Holland waited patiently with their parents. Once the coach arrived we left our parents and school behind and most of us tried to get some sleep before our crossing of the English Channel by Hovercraft.

After a relatively smooth crossing to Calais the bus took us through France and Belgium to Holland. A long search for the hotel meant that we arrived in time for dinner after which we were able to do as we liked.

Next day we went in groups into Bergen, armed with a post card to send home announcing our safe arrival. However the search for a post office or stamp machine proved an arduous task. The one person who seemed to understand our frantic arm movements and sign language turned out to be English with an "awfully nice" southern accent. I think her surprise was even greater than ours when she realised our language was also English.

The afternoon saw us on the beach but the sea was cold and no-one ventured to set foot in it—except those who were thrown in.

On the Monday we visited the city of Amsterdam, taking a boat trip along the canals and seeing many beautiful and unusual sights, including the Flea Market. From there we went by bus, past Hillegom to the Keukenhof National flower park. No description you will ever read can do justice to the breathtaking beauty of the park's bulb fields and gardens in blossom time. It is a sight we will never forget.

Tuesday was taken up with a visit to Alkmaar which specialises in cheeses; to Den Oever and the enclosing dam of the Zuider zee; to the fishing villages of Medernblik, Hoorn and Volendam and to the isle of Marken, famous for its Dutch costumes. Here too we were intrigued to find a "Spar" shop until we discovered that the Spar company originated in Holland.

On the last day of our sight-seeing we went to the Dutch seat of government, the Hague where we saw the site of the Eurovision Song Contest and the Royal Palace. From there we travelled to Madurodam with its marvellous model village. We could have spent hours there but had to move on to the Delft factories where we saw a beautiful display of blue and green pottery.

All too soon our holiday drew to a close and as we journeyed back to England we knew it was one we would never forget. It only remains for me, on behalf of all who went, to thank Dr. and Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Mellars who accompanied us, and made our Easter so enjoyable.

*Debbie Grice, 2C.*



## LIMESTONE AND THUNDERSTORMS

MONDAY, 14th July dawned clear, sunny and warm; fair augury of yet another splendid day in the beautiful summer of 1975. Pleased therefore, and with some secretly happy with the accuracy of their weather forecasting, the school excursion to Malham set off with confidence.

It was not long however, before doubts began to be expressed about the thickening gloom and the dark swirling clouds which grew ever more menacing as we journeyed south. Swiftly an unnatural darkness descended, relieved from time to time by brilliant flashes of white and orange lightning, flickering spitefully through the scudding, ragged clouds. Violent peals of thunder echoed around the coach while the ferocity of the driving rain and hail had to be experienced to be believed. The storm seemed interminable and the mid-morning refreshment stop was a damp affair, with the cafe floor beneath several inches of icy water.

Undaunted however, the expedition continued through the torrents coursing along the streets of Ripon and eventually arrived at Malham as the storm began to diminish in intensity.

After lunch we set off for the Cove; a decision not taken lightly for it was still raining a little and conditions underfoot were wet and treacherous. Nevertheless it was hoped that the worst of the storm was over and that the sight of the Cove itself would reduce our difficulties to mere trivialities. In this we were not disappointed. As usual the near vertical limestone face was an impressive and daunting spectacle and everyone was eager to make the laborious climb to the widespread limestone pavement and imposing view at the summit of the Cove. The path was narrow, rock strewn, steep and slippery but was negotiated safely, unfortunately amidst the increasing growls of nearby thunder. We had but time to gain the summit pavement when the storm broke over us once again.

Lightning flickered and flashed, thunder crashed, echoed and re-echoed about our heads while icy rain and hail were driven in near horizontal sheets across the windswept pavement. We sought shelter amongst the cracks and crannies of the limestone; but in vain. Within seconds all were thoroughly soaked and the order to retreat was given. Slipping, slithering and sliding, more often horizontal than vertical, we all safely regained the lower ground at the foot of the Cove and made our way back to Malham Village and the sanctuary of the coach.

By then the storm was finally over, the clouds had broken and the afternoon sun was shining warmly. Our clothes dried out quickly

and hardier spirits ventured out once more to see the impressive gorge of the Gordale Beck. Here a few of the more foolhardy managed a second soaking beneath the waterfall in the Gorge. By then of course it didn't really matter.

Eventually re-united we set off for home, not perhaps having seen as much limestone scenery as we would have wished, but nevertheless having had a day which few would quickly forget.

*"Pythias"*

## PANTOMIME

NOT having learnt their lesson from the previous year, Messrs. Draper, Kelland and Walters decided to embark upon a further theatrical extravaganza, based somewhat loosely on the tale of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, "loosely" being the operative word.

After rather lengthy auditions the characters were chosen and rehearsals began in earnest. Friday nights have never been the same since! December found us ready and eager to go, although Miss Goulden had a little (?) trouble persuading Perriwig to forsake his trousers for a pair of bright red tights.

A marathon number of performances were undertaken including five in the evenings, all of which were wildly successful. This year there were no notable incidents among our younger audiences, although one little girl showed her appreciation of Harold the Huntsmans' dramatic attack on Snow White, by bursting into tears.

Undoubtedly a lot of work was contributed by members of the cast but credit must be given to the army of backstage assistants. Our thanks go to Mrs. Charlton, Mrs. May, and their helpers in the make-up department; Miss Gill, Mrs. Forster and the U.V.I. needle-work group for the splendid costumes, and last, but by no means least, Mr. Charlton and his art group for the excellent scenery and props.

We must not forget to mention the orchestra—a somewhat assorted group composed of both pupils and members of staff. They even continued playing when the lights failed and were not above donning party hats to join with the festive spirit.

It only leaves us to thank Mr. Potter, our stage-manager for keeping us all just a little bit sane and to wish success to any further ventures.

*Christine Robson, L.VI.Sc.  
Hilary Smith, L.VI.Sc.*



## SENIOR SOCCER

THE senior team had an indifferent season losing as many games as they won in ten matches. The poor early season form put paid to any ambitions in the cup competitions but was more than made up for by the excellent form at the end of the season, the highlight of which was a 9-1 victory over Bishop Auckland Technical College.

The amazing enthusiasm for senior football was reflected in that three second team games were run simultaneously with the first team. They had a small amount of success winning 2 games and losing the other.

Altogether the two teams scored 61 goals and conceded 68. The goal scorers were as follows: Coughtry (18), Abbott (9), Appleby (6), Seymour (4), Sanderson (3), Tweddle (3), Underwood (3), Godsland (2), Leighton (2), Sewell (2), Allen (1), Gallagher (1), Longhorne (1), Wilthew (1) and 3 own goals.

Finally, the whole team would like to thank Mr. Walters, without whose encouragement and help none of the games would have been possible.

*I. Seymour (Captain).*

## UNDER 16's SOCCER

THE Under 16's have had an outstandingly successful season, completing a notable double in the Bishop Auckland Schools' League. They won the league championship without losing a game and beat Teesdale 1-0 in the final of the Dixon Cup at Kingsway, Bishop Auckland.

However the highlight of the season was the semi-final of the Dixon Cup in which we beat Barrington 5-4. We were leading 4-1 at one stage then Barrington fought back to 4-3 before we eventually won by the odd goal in nine.

A play-off with Barrington was required before we were awarded the league trophy. This match was played at Crook, the score being 2-1. The Under 16's squad was as follows: I. Simon, I. Pattinson, T. Parvin, K. Elliott, K. Anderson, G. Wilson, J. Gallagher, B. Fowler, G. Dunn, R. Turnbull, R. McGrath, S. Sanderson, R. Wilthew, A. Richardson and J. Taylor.

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Walker for his organising and coaching of the side, and hope that the winning of these two trophies will compensate him for all the time he has spent with us.

*B. Fowler, 5C., (Captain).*

## UNDER 15's SOCCER

THE Under 15's had another successful and enjoyable season finishing fourth in the league, winning four and drawing one of our nine league games but not doing as well in the cup, only reaching the third round.

Throughout the season the scorers were: Smith (14), Richards (6), Arkless (5), Bennett (4), Hughes (4), Martin Bowes (3), Edmundson (3), Henderson (2), A. Hetherington (2), Askew (1), Long (1), and 1 own goal. Other members of the squad were: Tarn (G. K.), Bell, Burnett, Heatherington, Plews, Robinson, Shuttleworth, Simon, Stephenson and Troman.

The team also provided the Bishop Auckland District XI with four regular players (Tarn, Arkless, Edmundson and A. Hetherington).

Finally on behalf of the whole team I would like to thank Mr. Heatherington for all his help and encouragement.

*Paul Edmundson, 4C. (Captain).*

## UNDER 14's SOCCER

ON the whole the Under 14's had a fairly good season considering the fact that we had an unsettled side.

The team played 15 games including cup ties, winning 9 and losing 6 of them. Out of these 15 games we scored 59 goals and conceded 47. The scorers were: A. Harrison (22), Robson (11), Richardson (6), Nesbit, Tweddle and Raper (4 each), Parvin (3), A. Wall (2), Stockdale (2) and M. Harrissn (1).

The other members of the team were: Atkinson, Lough, R. Wall, Reed, Hirst, Emerson, Collinson, Burnett and Nelson.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Heatherington, Mr. Farrey and Mr. Turner for organising the team and arranging and refereeing the games.

*A. Atkinson, 3B. (Captain).*



## UNDER 13's SOCCER

THIS season we got off to a very good start but then during Mr. Farrey's absence we seemed to lose the confidence and rhythm of our earlier games. During the season we played 16 games, won 6, drew 3 and lost 7, top scorer was Simon Turnbull with 18 goals.

The highlight of the season was the Consolation Cup Final against 'our old rivals' Crook. This match was played at Wolsingham and it developed into a very good close game. However, Crook eventually won scoring the only goal of the game ten minutes from full-time.

We would like to thank Mr. Farrey, Mr. Heatherington, Mr. Steel and Mr. Gent for managing us throughout the season.

*J. Collinson, 2A.  
J. Nicholson, 2B.*

## UNDER 12's SOCCER

THE Under 12's have had a very enjoyable season. Of the eleven games played 4 were won, 3 drawn and 4 lost. Leading goalscorers were R. Collinson (5), D. Bennett, K. Brown and T. Hopkins (4 each).

Four of the Under 12's team were regularly called on to play in the Under 13's team namely J. Hopkins, P. Shuttleworth, K. Brown and G. Moore. Towards the end of the season the team began playing together with more confidence and understanding and we are all looking forward eagerly to operating as Under 13's in the Schools' league.

Finally I, on behalf of the team, would like to thank Mr. Steel for coaching and organising us into a workmanlike side.

*T. Hopkins, 1L. (Captain).*

## UNDER 15's CRICKET

WE have played two games in the league and the results have gone in our favour. The first game we played was against Barrington School, at Bishop Auckland. We made 67 for 7 with A. Long making 10, C. Henderson 12, D. Heatherington 12, and V. Richards 10. We then bowled Barrington out for only 9 runs with V. Richards taking 5 wickets and A. Heslop 4. Our second game was against Bishop Auckland St. John's. We bowled them out for 33 runs, V. Richards (3 for 9), I. Simon (6 for 16), C. Henderson (1 for 8) being the wicket-takers. Our opening batsmen A. Long (20) and S. Wright (11) took the score to 34 for none.

We have four more games left against Teesdale, Woodham, Avenue and King James and we are hoping for a successful season in the South West Durham Schools' Cricket League.

Five of our players are in the final district trial, A. Long, I. Simon, S. Wright, V. Richards and C. Henderson.

The team and I would like to thank Mr. Heatherington for coaching the team and umpiring the matches.

*C. Henderson, 4D. (Captain).*

## UNDER 14's CRICKET

THE Under 14's team have to date played only two matches. The teams being picked from: Atkinson, Harrison (A), Harrison (M), Elston, Hirst, Walker, Parvin, Fleming, Lough, Watson, Stockdale, Vickers, Moore and Hopkins.

The first match was one of 20 overs against Peterlee, which we won. Wolsingham batted first and made 37 all out while Peterlee made 26 for 9 wickets. The notable performances for the Wolsingham team were: Fleming who took 3 wickets for 3 runs, Lough who took 3 wickets for 4 runs and Walker who took 1 wicket for 1 run.

The second match, which we lost, was against Barnard Castle Public School. The visitors scored 74 for 4 off 25 overs. Wolsingham made 61 for 7 in the overs allowed, which was due mainly to the outstanding performance of Moore (a first year!), who scored an unbeaten 29.

The team would like to thank Mr. Heatherington for his help and organisation.

*M. Lough (Captain).*



## UNDER 13's CRICKET

THIS year an Under 13's cricket team was entered in the County K.O. Cup. After many practices a team was selected to play against Carmel Secondary School, Darlington in the 1st Round. The game was played at Wolsingham, Carmel batted first and were all out for 23 runs. Ian Bunkell 2c (3 for 8) and Mark Harrison 2A (3 for 2) bowled well. Wolsingham replied with 27 for 2 with Graham Walker 2B (11 n.o.) and Tony Hopkins 1L (8) batting very well.

In Round 2 Wolsingham were drawn away to Hummersknott Secondary School, Darlington. The home side batted first and in 20 overs made 54 for 5. Mark Harrison (2 for 5) and Graham Walker (1 for 8) bowled well. Wolsingham, unfortunately, never recovered from a poor start and when the 20 overs were up had only scored 35 for 9. However, Geoffrey Moore 1R batted exceptionally well for 14 runs.

We are now looking forward eagerly to our next game, a friendly with King James, Bishop Auckland. The whole team would like to thank Mr. Heatherington for organising and umpiring these matches.

*G. Walker, 2B.*

## UNDER 16's BASKETBALL

THE Under 16's basketball team repeated their success of winning the Bishop Auckland and District Schools' League. For the second season the team was unbeaten and finished with a record of:

Played 8    Won 8    For 396    Against 166

The League top scorers were: Ian Pattinson 92 points and Neil Martin 76 points.

The team also won the District Cup, a new competition. During the cup competition we recorded our first 'ton' when we beat Shildon Sunnydale by 108-35. We found our Under 15's side tough opposition when we beat them 63-51 in the semi-final. In the Cup games Terry Parvin was leading scorer with 53 points.

The team was J. Gallagher 5B (Capt.), C. Bainbridge 5A, G. Birnie 5E/F, K. Elliott 5E/F, B. Fowler 5C, N. Martin 5E/F, T. Parvin 5B, I. Pattinson 5D, I. Robson 5E/F, S. Sanderson 5E/F and G. Wilson 5E/F. We would all like to thank Mr. Farrey and Mr. Donaghy for the coaching which made our two year unbeaten run possible.

*J. Gallagher, 5B.*

## UNDER 15's BASKETBALL

THE Under 15's basketball team was fairly successful this season finishing runners-up to St. John's although beating them twice out of three matches including one cup game. We lost two league games, one to St. John's, one disastrously to Barrington 24-20 after leading 18-2 at half-time. We scored a total of 469 points and conceded 318, top scorers being Henderson (166) and Tarn (114). In the cup competition we were successful in defeating Barrington Under 16's 54-36, only to lose in the semi-final to our own Under 16's.

At the close of the season five players, Tarn, Henderson, Pattinson, Simon and Troman were selected for the newly formed district side.

*K. Tarn, 4C. (Captain).*

## HOCKEY

THIS season's hockey has been rather disappointing for the 1st XI as, out of 12 matches played, only three were won and two drawn. The Under 16's had a more successful season, winning six of their fourteen matches and drawing four.

Susan Cottrell, Margaret Pears and Lynn Bainbridge represented the school in the County Trails at Pennywell. Margaret Pears was chosen for further trials but unfortunately was not chosen for the final team.

The inter-house hockey matches were all closely fought, Fell being victorious and closely followed by Moor and Dale respectively.

The annual Hockey Tournament was held on the last Tuesday of the Easter term, and as usual the games were enjoyed by all participants. The winning team was captained by Sheila White.

Two friendly matches were held at the end of term, the first being a challenge from the Sixth form boys and the second, the annual staff match.

1st XI v. VIth form boys	0-2
1st XI v. Staff	2-3

Three members of the 1st XI sat the C-Test and our congratulations must go to Susan Cottrell and Lynn Henderson.

Finally I would like to thank Mrs. Buckle, Mrs. Bozonet and Miss Hallam for all their help and encouragement throughout the season.

*Lynn Bainbridge, U.V.I.M.S.  
(Captain).*



## BADMINTON

DURING the last year Wolsingham Secondary School's badminton club entered several tournaments. We played six matches, winning three and losing three.

The boys team reached the semi-final in an inter-school contest, but were decisively beaten by Hermitage from Chester-le-Street.

Five of the school team were chosen for the county squads. They were P. Emerson, T. Parvin, D. Smith and S. Emerson for the Under 14 squad and I. Pattinson for the Under 16 squad.

We would like to thank the members of the teaching staff who have given up their own time to help us.

*I. G. Pattinson, 5D.*

## TABLE TENNIS REPORT

THIS year's table tennis tournaments were very well supported in spite of the fact that their commencement coincided with the start of the 'mock' exams. For the first time, the competitions were mixed with the 'Open' tournament attracting an entry of 70 players (including 5 girls!). Matches were played during the lunch hour and the keenness shown by many was an encouraging sight for next year.

### RESULTS:

Middle School:	Colin Henderson 4E bt. Ian Bell 4C
Senior School:	Gary Hobbs U.VI bt. John Hopkinson 5A
Open Tournament:	Gary Hobbs U.VI bt. Steven Savage 5A

*Jeffrey Brown, L.VI.Sc.*

## SWIMMING REPORT

YET again we have had a very successful year as regards swimming awards. We began the swimming year bravely with our first attempt in competitive swimming with a very close match against Crook Amateur Swimming Club. The match was held at the Crook and Willington Swimming Pool with the result being Crook 166 points, Wolsingham 161 points. We are hoping to have a return match in the near future and we would like to take the opportunity now to wish everyone "good luck."

The usual swimming galas were held this year for the 1st, 2nd and 3rd forms. The results were:

### 1st FORM

Individual Champions:	Girls	Sharon Bowman	(Dale)
	Boys	Paul Richards	(Moor)

1st	Dale	92 points
2nd	Moor	80 points
3rd	Fell	67 points

### 2nd FORM

Individual Champions:	Girls	Angela Britton	(Fell)
	Boys	Andrew Brown	(Moor)

1st	Moor	125 points
2nd	Fell	89 points
3rd	Dale	48 points

### 3rd FORM

Individual Champions:	Girls	Anne Kelly	(Moor)
	Boys	John Ellwood	(Fell)

1st	Dale	82 points
2nd	Fell	72 points
3rd	Moor	66 points

Instead of taking part in a Gala the 4th, 5th and 6th forms each participated in a separate pentathlon. The results were as follows:

### 4th FORM

Individual Champions:	Girls	Julie Weston	31 pts.	(Dale)
	Boys	Vincent Richards	47 pts.	(Dale)

### 5th FORM

Individual Champions:	Girls	Angela Simpson	20 pts.	(Moor)
	Boys	Ian Pattinson	45 pts.	(Dale)

### 6th FORM

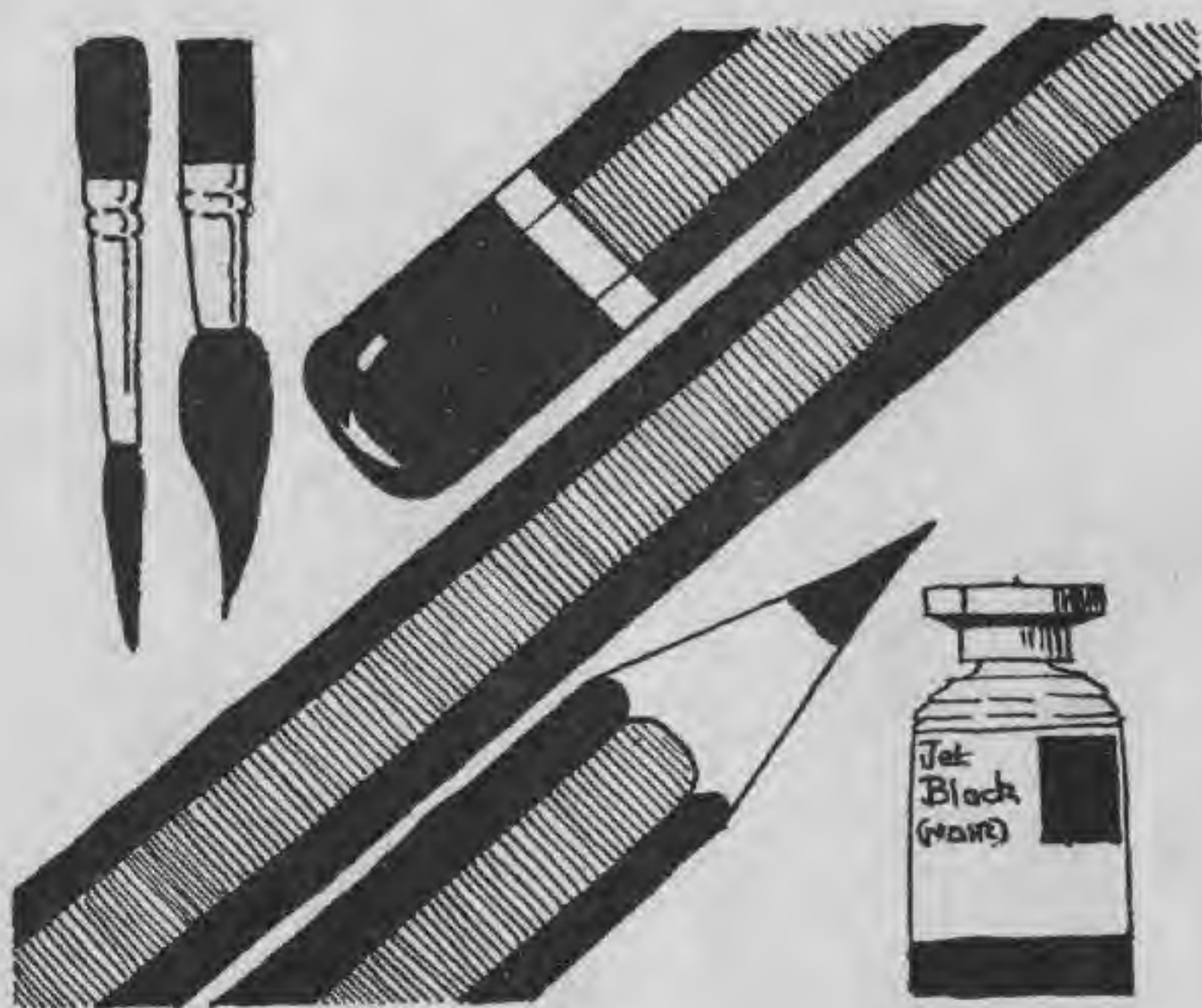
Individual Champions:	Girls	Linda Wilkinson	45 pts.	(Fell)
	Boys	Brian Rundle	28 pts.	(Dale)



The overall winner of the swimming shield was Dale House with 2,253 points, Moor was 2nd with 1,972 points, and Fell 3rd with 1,689 points.

The advantage of possessing a swimming pool has reaped its rewards as regards the number of swimming awards which have been attained. The highest awards have been 5 Award of Merits and 2 Teacher's Certificates which have been gained owing to the valuable help of the P.E. staff. We would like to take the opportunity on behalf of the school, to thank them for all their help during the year.

*Linda Wilkinson.*  
*Lynne Henderson.*



*D. SMITH, L.6M.S.*

## GIRLS' TENNIS REPORT

THIS is what is known as a short report. Yet again we have been beaten—by the British climate! This, our worst opponent, has allowed us to play few matches, all of which have been tournament games.

However, the senior team has happily managed to beat its opponents on the other side of the net. In the Owen Williams' knock-out tournament we played Thorney Close School at Sunderland. In spite of having to play in pouring rain we managed to win the match. However, the rain has twice prevented us from playing Durham High School in the second round. Hoping that third time will be lucky in more ways than one, we have re-arranged the match for the week after half term.

Three teams were entered for the Durham County Schools L.T.A. Knock-Out Tournament — Under 19's, Under 15's and Under 13's. The Under 19 team was drawn against St. Thomas More's at Blaydon. Having had some difficulty, to say the least, in finding the school, we fortunately found less difficulty in winning the match and are now waiting to play in the second round.

The Under 15's were also "blessed" with the evils of the weather and were beaten in their first round match against Sunderland Church High. The Under 13's were also drawn against St. Thomas More. The team played very well and the result was close. However, luck was not on their side and they were narrowly defeated.

The Nestle's ladder tournament is being played again, although this year the third and fourth, and fifth and sixth forms have separate ladders. Last year one ladder all but toppled over with the number of competitors! The continuous battle to reach the top of the ladder is going on with great perseverance.

The tennis season is always hindered by the fact that the summer term is so short and that after half-term 'O' and 'A' levels are in progress. However, enthusiasm for the game is plentiful and the courts are full every lunch-time.

On behalf of all those concerned I would once again like to thank Mrs. Buckle, Mrs. Bozonet and Miss Hallam for daring to set foot on the courts, and for their coaching and encouragement, from which we have greatly benefited.

*Barbara Murrie, U.V.I.M.S.  
(Senior Tennis Captain)*



## BOYS' TENNIS

### SEASONS 1975-1976

FOR the 1975 season, we entered six teams at all levels in both Durham Schools and Durham County competitions, with varying degrees of success. The Under 15 'A' team had the best playing record, reaching the Semi-Finals of one competition, and the Finals of the other. Turnbull, Fowler, Dooley and Anderson kept up a high standard of performance and were unlucky not to win at least another County cup. The Under 19 team, represented by Hobbs, Appleby, Liddle, Turnbull and Fowler, did well to get to the second round, losing their second game by one game. The Under 15 'B' team of Simon, Henderson, Shuttleworth and Long showed glimpses of promise. The Under 15 'C' team, represented by Hetherington, Edmundson, Troman and Hope, did not survive the first round of their competition.

### RECORD OF MATCHES

Under 19	v. Wearside	Lost	41 to 42
	v. Highfield	Won	6 to 0
	v. Tanfield	Lost	2 to 5
Under 15 'A'	v. St. Aidans	Won	5 to 1
	v. Hummersknott	Won	5 to 2
	v. Thornhill	Lost	2 to 4
	v. Grange	Won	3 to 1
	v. Thornhill	Won	4 to 2
	v. St. Aidans	Lost	2 to 4
Under 15 'B'	v. Pennywell	Lost	3 to 5
Under 15 'C'	v. Whickham	Lost	0 to 6
Under 13	v. Tanfield	Lost	1 to 5
	v. Tanfield	Lost	1 to 3

The number of losses emphasizes the strength of boys' tennis in Durham county at the present time.

It is impossible to report a great deal on the present 1976 season. During the winter months, regular coaching sessions were held in the gym. for the 1st and 2nd years particularly. We have entered Under 13 and Under 15 teams in the Durham Schools' competition. So far, Coates, Dent, Long and Hopkins have played for the Under 13 team, and Simon, Henderson, Edmundson and Thompson for the Under 15 team. The enthusiasm of 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th years continues unabated in regular weekly practices during lunch time.

*J. Mellor.*

## GIRLS' ATHLETICS

1975—The annual sports day was cancelled due to torrential rain which made it dangerous for events to be held. However, due to the kind co-operation of the P.E. staff, senior and intermediate events were held during lunch-times while the juniors and first form had their own mini-sports. Dale house was the overall winner.

<i>First form champion</i>	Claire Brough	(Moor)
<i>Junior champion</i>	Susan Wilthew	(Fell)

1976—Once again the Area Sports were held before our own sports day. Trials were held at Wolsingham for Crook, Willington, Hunwick and ourselves in order to find representatives for the Area Sports. A number of our girls achieved success and competed at the Area Sports held at Woodham Comprehensive School on May 25th.

The following results were obtained:

INTERMEDIATE	<i>Shot</i>	1st	Marion Johnson
	<i>Discus</i>	2nd	Linda Appleby
	<i>Relay</i>	3rd	C. Brough, I. Egle, R. Blenkinsopp S. Wilthew
JUNIORS	<i>1500m</i>	2nd	Verena Woodhall
	<i>Shot</i>	2nd	Gail Jopling
	<i>Javelin</i>	3rd	Jennifer Stephenson
	<i>200m</i>	3rd	Kim Hodgson

The following girls competed in the Durham County Championships held on June 12th at Framwellgate Moor:

L. Bainbridge	<i>Senior Girls Discus</i>	2nd
S. Cottrell	<i>Senior Girls 800m</i>	1st
J. Lee	<i>Senior Girls High Jump</i>	4th
M. Johnson	<i>Inter. Girls Shot</i>	

S. Cottrell represented County Durham in the 800m at the Triangular Match with Cumbria and Northumberland held at Houghton-le-Spring.

Finally I would like to thank Mrs. Buckle, Mrs. Bozonet and Miss Hallam for their help and expert coaching throughout the year.

*Susan Cottrell, L.V.I.M.S.*



## BOYS' ATHLETICS

SPORTS day is not until Wednesday 14th July but there have been several notable performances recently.

The Area Athletics meeting was held at Woodham Comprehensive on May 25th where we achieved the following results:

JUNIOR BOYS	800m	Andrew Harrison	3rd
	100m	Mark Harrison	4th
	Discus	John Collinson	4th
	1500m	Philip Raper	6th
	Shot	Clive Robson	5th
INTERMEDIATE BOYS	100m	Brian Featherstone	2nd
	400m	Russell Smith	4th
	1500m	Graham Plews	5th
	3000m	Vincent Richards	5th
	High Jump	Geoffrey Wilson	6th
	Long Jump	Graham Dunn	4th
	Triple Jump	Brian Featherstone	3rd
	Shot	Kevin Brooksbank	1st
	Shot	Terry Parvin	3rd

The Area Athletics team which competed on June 12th in the County Sports at Durham included:

G. Morgan	<i>Junior Pole Vault</i>	3rd
K. Brooksbank	<i>Inter. Shot</i>	7th
P. Meakin	<i>Inter. Pole Vault</i>	1st
I. Seymour	<i>Senior 400 metres</i>	5th
S. Leighton	<i>Senior 800 metres</i>	4th

Meakin had the distinction of representing the County in the Pole Vault at a recent Triangular Match with opposition from Cumbria and Northumberland.

## GIRLS' CROSS COUNTRY

THE annual cross country event was held during the Christmas term and there was a good turn-out despite the cold weather and invented ailments. The results were as follows:

FIRST YEAR			<i>Points</i>		
1st	Alison Kirk	(Fell)	Fell 1st	579	pts.
2nd	Jane Wright	(Dale)	Dale 2nd	622	pts.
3rd	Christine Haddock	(Moor)	Moor 3rd	734	pts.

SECOND AND THIRD YEAR			<i>Points</i>		
1st	Verena Woodhall	(Fell)	Fell 1st	586	pts.
2nd	Claire Brough	(Moor)	Moor 1st	586	pts.
3rd	Suzanne Emerson	(Dale)	Dale 3rd	700	pts.

An official event was not held for the fifth form as there were not enough participants but a few brave volunteers ran the course on their own initiative. The sixth form had its own separate event, the results being:

1st	Susan Cottrell	(Fell)	( <i>Record</i> )
2nd	Joy White	(Fell)	
3rd	Janet Lee	(Dale)	

TOTAL POINTS	1st	Fell	1,168 points
	2nd	Dale	1,329 points
	3rd	Moor	1,333 points

In January the Area Championships were held, where Wolsingham's Junior team ran extremely well to win the Junior Area Cross Country Championship. Two of the eight team members, Claire Brough and Verena Woodhall who finished 6th and 7th respectively in the Area, ran at the County Cross Country held at Pittingdon on February 7th. Susan Cottrell ran at the County Cross Country in the Senior Girls event and, finishing 3rd, was chosen to represent Durham County in the National Event held at Leicester.

Finally I would like on behalf of all the girls, to thank Mrs. Buckle, Mrs. Bozonet and Miss Hallam for their guidance and encouragement for, without their help, these results would not have been achieved.

*Susan Cottrell, L.V.I.M.S.*



## BOYS' CROSS COUNTRY

THE annual cross country was run during the Christmas term and produced the following results:

<i>First Form Champion.</i> S. Barron	<i>Team Result</i>	1st	Fell	541 pts.
		2nd	Dale	569 pts.
		3rd	Moor	741 pts.

<i>Junior Champion.</i> T. Burnett	<i>Team Result</i>	1st	Moor	434 pts.
		2nd	Dale	589 pts.
		3rd	Fell	942 pts.

<i>Intermediate Champion.</i> J. Gallagher	<i>Team Result</i>	1st	Moor	418 pts.
		2nd	Dale	644 pts.
		3rd	Fell	881 pts.

<i>Senior Champion.</i> N. Emerson	<i>Team Result</i>	1st	Dale	80 pts.
		2nd	Fell	96 pts.
		3rd	Moor	130 pts.

The Area Cross Country Championships were held at Wolsingham Secondary School on Saturday 17th January. Thirteen schools competed, our Junior team was placed 10th with Andrew Harrison being placed in the Area team and our Intermediate team came 2nd.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

THE first public speaking competition in the history of the school was held in the Easter term, sponsored by the Weardale Round Table. There were individual heats for the Lower, Middle and Senior Schools, four people from each group being chosen for the final round.

Three members of the Weardale Round Table, Messrs. Holden, Rhodes and Haley, came on finals day and Mr. Holden joined Mr. Shilvock, Mrs. May and Mrs. Edwards on the panel of Judges. After a stimulating and illuminating contest, during which we heard about such diverse subjects as dialects, gold, pollution, blood sports and the Olympics the following were declared the winners, their entries appearing in the following pages:

Barbara Murrie	—	Overall winner and Senior School
Susan Stallard	—	Middle School
Alison Hunt	—	Lower School
Paul Watson	—	Highly Commended

## THOUGHTS ON LEAVING SCHOOL

My friends and I are rapidly approaching one of the most important days of our lives—very soon our school days will be over and we will find ourselves in the outside world. For some the last day of school will prove to be a traumatic experience, a day to be dreaded, and no doubt many tears will be shed. For others it will be the long-awaited day and haversacks will be flung in the air with the greatest rejoicing. But whatever our feelings, it is an important day and one worth a few moments' thought.

Each one of us will be parting company and taking a different path in life but we will still have something in common—we shall all be "freshers." Whether it be as undergraduate, student teacher, the tea-boy in the office or even the latest member of the dole queue, we will all be doing something new and will be the apprentice, the learner, the junior. However, this need cause us no qualms for surely, are we not experts at being the junior?

We have not forgotten our first day at the infants' school—that terrible moment when our mothers turned their backs on us and left us stranded in a crowd of strangers, and especially at the mercy of those self-assured seven year-olds, who had the responsibility of taking the dinner-money to the headmistress' room. But of course it was not long before it was we who were the top class and lords of all we surveyed. Only too soon we were in the junior school and back to square one, and like bread after the first rising we had to be knocked back to size. Again we were the small fry—and how we hated it! Again our lack of stature became only too apparent when the eleven year-olds left us in no doubt as how to behave. But our day arrived and soon the dough had risen again and we were biting our fingers to the bone, waiting in trepidation for that letter telling us whether we had been allotted a place at that Holy of holies, at that great seat of learning, at that zenith of all primary children's ambitions—Wolsingham Secondary School.

And in due course we arrived, immaculate—and what did we find? Again we were the dregs—pushed into the gangway on the bus by those enormous sixth formers. The air had yet again been kneaded out of us, all ready for the next rising.

It has taken seven years here for us to reach seniority and now that our time is up it is the good times we remember. We are grateful for good, and I hope lasting friendships, and, in spite of all expectation, warm feelings towards the staff.

Looking back on my own rising at Wolsingham I recall my first day at the lower school when, wearing a spotless uniform and carrying an incredibly stiff haversack, I felt very small and utterly lost, wondering whether I had to change into my sandshoes.



Being a sport lover I have pleasant memories of the various stamina-testing events of the years: those hours spent running round the cross-country route, although they seemed most tiresome at the time, have now revealed their virtues of reminding me of the nature surrounding the school—like wet, muddy fields covered in manure or other such delights, and the undulations of the countryside. Hockey matches used to be a source of great triumph for me and the rest of the U-16's team in the fifth form. I shall never forget that ecstatic moment of joy when we managed to defeat no other than King James in the league. However, I must confess that life in the sixth form is not all rosy, and having reached the 1st XI I am not sure which is worse—actually being defeated 11-0 or having to suffer the score being read out in assembly the following morning. Of course being in the 1st XI does have the added attraction of being able to play against the staff at the end of term—warm feelings or not it's the perfect opportunity for revenge!

Recently there has been an addition to the school's yearly repertoire—the pantomime. The last one, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* afforded great fun for me, both in helping to write it and seeing all of its thirteen performances—I don't think I shall boo or hiss as much again in my life!

Exams. of course make up an important part of any school year but in spite of the dreaded swotting they never seemed quite so bad when they actually arrived—even 'O'-levels proved not to be quite so unattainable as the general feeling expected—I only hope 'A'-levels turn out to be the same!

Now that I have reached the envied position of the upper sixth I am fortunate in having access to that sacred place—the common room. However as this year is not quite over I shall protect my contemporaries and refrain from comment about the goings-on in that den. I have also been lucky enough to be appointed as a prefect, and now have often found myself on the other side of the fence in disciplinary matters such as wet dinner-time duties and clearing the school at break—it's all right you third-formers—we've all had to shiver through break in winter at some time or another!

But what have we learned from all this? — that being a fresher holds no fears for us. We have already served a great part of our apprenticeship—we know how to deal with it and can see that it is a part of life. But having said that, what a lot we still have to learn! Not only will we be freshers in our jobs, but ahead of us we will be freshers as spouses, as parents ourselves, and perhaps even as the boss.

So perhaps we have learned that the bread will never be ready for eating—that perhaps life is a series of being knocked back to size—that perhaps the way to get fulfilment from life and reach maturity is to continue to learn, and always be—the fresher.

*Barbara Murrie, U.V.I.M.S.*

## TOPIC !

I DECIDED to enter the Public Speaking competition and had great difficulty in finding a suitable topic. After many illegible and some pathetic attempts, I finally discovered one.

Topic ! — a hazelnut in every bite ! Now there's food for thought. Food ? What does a Topic feed on ? Now the Topic is a meticulous and very rare breed—I mean what other chocolate bar has a hazelnut in every bite ? If you don't believe me then go and buy one, or better still, ask Toby !

As you sink your teeth through layers of luxury I'm sure you must ask yourself exactly what you are eating. Well, I'll tell you!

First there is a thin layer of milk chocolate, and next, while you are battling with the caramel which is pleasantly plastering your teeth, the taste of cocoa beans, superbly blended with milk and sugar, hits you and the taste lingers on.

The next stage is even more exciting. Nougat is the next obstacle and, once you have fought your way through a couple of millimetres of this, you approach your destination. The hazelnut is finally discovered—perfectly matured for your teeth gracefully to sink through. After that there are a couple more millimetres of nougat and another thin layer of milk chocolate—the taste still lingering.

Thus you have completed your first bite of Topic. After many bites you have finished the bar and a little voice is heard to say, "*Topic ! — a hazelnut in every bite !*" and suddenly you realise that Toby was right after all.

*Susan Stallard, 3B.*

## HAPPINESS IS . . .

WHAT is happiness ? It is one thing which is very difficult to define and means different things for different people.

In a Snoopy book I read when I was little it said that happiness is a blanket and a thumb to suck; and someone else said that happiness is a warm puppy or a bag of jelly babies without any black ones. To my sister happiness is a bottle of pop, a bag of crisps, some bubble-gum, a comic and being able to roll about in front of the television whenever I want to watch it.



For my mother, happiness is having hundreds of unfinished cardigans lying around the house ready to be knitted, someone else to decide what to have for tea and not having to take the dog out when it rains.

My friend's mother has a very nice idea of happiness—that she would be happy when all her family were healthy and had enough money not to worry where it all went but not so much that they never thought of anything else.

For my friend, happiness is someone to do her homework every night so she can watch television, to be able to get a copy of '*Jackie*' every week without going to every shop in Wolsingham, for her membership of the David Essex fan club to arrive and for her white goldfish to grow a tail. For my friend's sister, happiness is just being with her boy friend and happiness to her brother would be to see Leeds win just one of their matches.

Father's idea of happiness is sitting in the car, driving the car, washing the car, buying things for the car, listening to the car radio and even just looking at the car from the living room window.

Even animals have their idea of happiness. For my friend's dog happiness is when our dog is in season!

And what about me? Well for me happiness is lying in bed until 11.30 on Saturday mornings, cuddling my furry elephant after seeing a thriller, listening to the Bay City Rollers and not having to go through this gruelling ordeal!

*Alison Hunt, 2A.*

## **CAVALRY**

THE earliest use of cavalry was the provision of information about the enemy, and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden (1596–1632) was among the first to employ them properly. Cromwell learned much from Gustavus, but, more important, he realised that cavalry needed a special spirit, an élan which his 'Ironsides' acquired, and which characterised the sense of superiority felt by all cavalry of all ages and nations up to the present day.

By the mid-eighteenth century, cavalry had begun to develop into heavy and light cavalry and mounted infantry who came to be known as dragoons. Heavy cavalry were big men on big horses (about sixteen hands), often wearing armour, and wielding a heavy, straight thrusting sword, they were used for shock action, to smash enemy formations. Light cavalry were small men who rode horses

of around fourteen hands. Their weapons were pistols, carbines (short muskets) and curved swords, and they were employed mainly on reconnaissance and skirmish duties though each type of cavalry could, of course, do the other's job if necessary. Dragoons originally used their horses simply to convey them to a given spot where they then fought as infantry, but they were eventually completely assimilated into the heavy cavalry. The above distinctions remained relevant for around a century from their inception about the middle of the eighteenth century, until the advent of machine warfare in the American civil war (1861-65). The same is true of cavalry tactics.

As the main battlefield use of cavalry was in shock action, the important tactical operation was the charge. Cavalry of the horse-and-musket era charged at the gallop over short distances (100-300 yards). A charging regiment would be drawn up in a line two ranks deep, and would advance first at a walk, then a trot, but only over the last fifty yards were the horses given their heads. Over difficult ground, a charge might be delivered at little more than a walk. The only way infantry could repulse a cavalry charge was to form 'squares', a near impregnable formation, which presented the cavalry with an impenetrable hedge of bayonets. Cavalry received a charge on the move, if possible, and only charged guns if supported by infantry to hold the ground won.

During the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars (1792-1815) greater numbers of cavalry were used, and more effectively, than ever before. It was now the diverse designations, dress, and usages of cavalry were established.

The only nation not to employ armoured cavalry was Britain, but Roman-style helmets (leather or metal) were universally worn by heavy cavalry by 1813.

Dragoons were employed in their original mounted infantry role only by the French in Spain, where, heavily armed and mobile, the French dragoons were the ideal troops for the rugged terrain, whether crossing sabres with the allied armies or hunting Spanish 'guerillos' in the mountains.

In this light branch, Hussars, with their flamboyant dress, were common to all nations. Originally raised in 1485 by the King of Hungary to fight the Turks, the Hussars took their name from the Hungarian word 'husz' meaning twenty, as every twentieth household had to provide one for the new force. They were a great success and by 1805 every European nation possessed Hussars, dressed in the Hungarian costume of a fur busby, a short tunic heavy with ribbed braid, and a hanging jacket or pelisse slung over the left shoulder.



Lancers were the traditional cavalry of Poland, and lancers of all nations were dressed in the Polish style. The lance was adopted by European powers because of its effectiveness against infantry in line, and against un-armoured cavalry and because a lancer could jab at a square with deadly effect, while remaining out of bayonet reach.

The bulk of all light cavalry, however, was composed of regiments with no special weapons or mode of dress known as 'Light Dragoons,' 'Chasseurs', or 'Chevaulegers'.

As a result of the experience of the European wars, which took place from 1856-1870, cavalry uniforms, traditionally the most dazzling in any army, became, progressively, less ornate and more serviceable, and with the introduction of such weapons as the repeating rifle, the machine gun, and rifled, breech-loading cannon, cavalry became relegated to reconnaissance and pursuit. The last true cavalry charge was probably that executed by the British 21st Lancers against the Dervishes at the battle of Omdurman, 1898. By the outbreak of the Second World War, all cavalry regiments had been converted to tanks or armoured cars, but the last operational horsed cavalry to be mechanised was that of the Swiss Army who, in 1973, received tanks and helicopters in place of their horses.

*Paul Watson, 4A.*

### *THE STALLION AND HIS MARE*

A black silhouette against the sunset,  
Dark mane and tail flowing in the breeze,  
Nostrils flared and quivering,  
Fur coat as soft as silk.  
The black stallion galloped down to his mares.

His favourite was the palamino mare  
Her golden coat  
Trimmed with rippling, flaxen mane and tail  
With swivel ears and nostrils flared  
They grazed contentedly.

A sudden noise startled the horses.  
Away they galloped,  
Two dark silhouettes with streaming manes and tails,  
Galloping into the glowing, setting sun.

*Helen Wilson, 2B.*

## THE KESTREL

The kestrel scours the field,  
The fox rushes into his burrow,  
The weasel grins malevolently,  
The partridge thinks not of the falcon,  
The tree sparrow cheeps a warning,  
The wildcat strides into the clearing  
Leaving its footprints on the dazzling white snow,  
The animals bow down to their master.

A pause and a leap and a tawny russet ball  
A fox lies still and a kestrel cries o'er the hill.

*Jeffrey Robson, 1S.*

## CATS

Cats with long sleek bodies,  
Tightroping on a wooden fence  
So agile are they.

Their eyes green as cool jade  
Set back in thick deep velvet,  
Gentle but sly,  
Catching a mouse in the wink of an eye.

Their curving claws  
As sharp as pins.  
White teeth, spitting mouth,  
Hackles raised,  
Back curved,  
Arched and ready to pounce.

Tiger striped in gold  
Flashing through the bush  
Agile, fast as the wind,  
A purr, the animal disappears.  
Was he there at all?

Cats the most wonderful of animals,  
Kings of the jungle.

*Linda Hillary, 2E.*



## A MATHEMATICAL DREAM

It was very warm and everyone was longing to be out in the fresh air but instead we were in a Maths. lesson. What's the equation? Which theorem? How? When? Where? All these questions bombarded my brain. Divide or multiply? Do I change the sign? What is the area? Area? . . .

Suddenly the turmoil stopped for a moment. "Area, area" kept turning over in my mind. Something flashed back to me like an arrow —  $\frac{bh}{2}$ . But no, that's a triangle.

My brain began to swirl and I found myself in a swamp of figures and formulae. Which was correct? Floating, spinning, they drew nearer. Squares, triangles, circles and pyramids. Which one? The land of Maths opened like a fairyland and on I walked to the solution of the problem.

There I stood in a forest of shapes, figures, letters, each one floating towards me, whispering, "Try me, try me."

They sneered at me and laughed at my ignorance. I began to run the long road of Infinity, trying to block out the piercing laughter and mocking eyes. I ran and ran then suddenly I found myself at a crossroads. Which way should I go? My thoughts were interrupted by an army of mathematical signs, marching over the hill, led by a huge old plus, hopping along on his one leg — growling orders to the others, —

"Left right, left right. Company halt!"

"Excuse me," I said, "but could you tell me the way to find the area of a square?"

He thought for a moment, then growled,

" 'Course, son. Take young Multiplication to help you."

Multiplication marched forward and hopped onto my page. Taking the left fork of the road we came to the amazing Land of Squares. Buildings stood covered with squares of all sizes. We stopped to ask our way only to be chased by a ferocious trapezium, its teeth bared. However a friendly looking rhombus came to our rescue, showing us which way to go but giving a grave warning about the Mountain of Circles which fell when awakened and the terrible  $\pi$  s guarding the Garden of Letters.

The Mountain of Circles slumbered peacefully as we crept by but we had no idea how to overcome the  $\pi$  barrier. A bright idea suddenly flashed through my mind. I still had my pen and ruler—I could draw a bridge! Many species of trees and plants grew in the Garden of Letters. There were AB trees, XY trees, PQ flowers and EF's. Which one should I choose?

Quickly I sat down and went through them with the help of Multiplication.  $AB \times XY$  — No!  $X \times Y$  — No!  $L \times B$  — Yes! Length multiplied by Breadth is the area of a square. Eureka!

At that point my concentration was shattered by a loud noise. The bell. I had day-dreamed throughout the lesson and not one mathematical problem was completed in my book.

*David Bennet, 4C.*

### THE FOX

The fox is mean,  
The fox is keen,  
The fox is very seldom seen.  
His lair is very, very well hidden,  
Perhaps behind some farmhouse midden.  
In unlike places you will find him,  
Bringing death and doom behind him,  
His cunning matches that of man,  
Who hunts and kills him when he can,  
But Nature in her nature spares,  
The lives of man and fox and hares.

*Ian Jopling, 3E.*

### I'M NOT QUITE GOOD

I'm not quite good enough for football,  
I'm not, after all, very tall,  
I don't enjoy cricket,  
For they always shout, "Wickets."  
I'm not quite good at all,  
My Maths is quite the limit  
And quite out of my limits,  
My English is my own,  
And consists of words unknown.  
But though I'm not good at all  
I hope that this poem so small,  
Will comfort all,  
Who aren't quite good  
At all.

*C. A. Barrass, 1M.*



## THE HUNTRESS

Swiftly, silently, she moves  
through the trees,  
Her bow in her hand, her dog  
by her knees.

In a vast clearing a  
deer she sees,  
Aims the bow skilfully, it falls  
to its knees.

The dog runs towards it but she  
calls it back,  
Then she walks forward, her bow  
on her back.

She kneels down beside it and pulls  
the bolt out,  
Then the stag slowly rises and  
walks away south.

She gives a shrill whistle, a  
black stallion appears,  
She mounts the horse skilfully and rides  
through the trees.

The dog runs beside her, its  
tongue hanging out  
But still they ride on through the night  
to the south.

Soon Mount Olympus is  
plainly in sight,  
The hunting is over for the rest  
of the night.

*Diane Newton, 3E.*

## INCIDENT

The Sea  
Black, brave, evil  
Silent and deadly.  
Surfing to shore,  
Swiftly and softly  
Unaware.

Out of safety into danger,  
One swift, crushing wave,  
Engine relentlessly running.  
Back at last to shore,  
Time to count the damage  
And apologise, apologise.

*Ian Simon, 4C.*

I sat thinking.  
What did I feel ?  
Angry, indignant, frustrated  
What could I say ?

She had bought a coat  
Put it in my wardrobe.  
Why mine ?  
Hers was full.  
Throw something away.  
Why mine ?  
What could I say ?  
What did I say ?  
Too much.

*June Emerson, 4C.*

### WRITING

The paper,  
Blank, desolate, indescribably bright,  
The mind,  
Empty, working, don't know what to write.

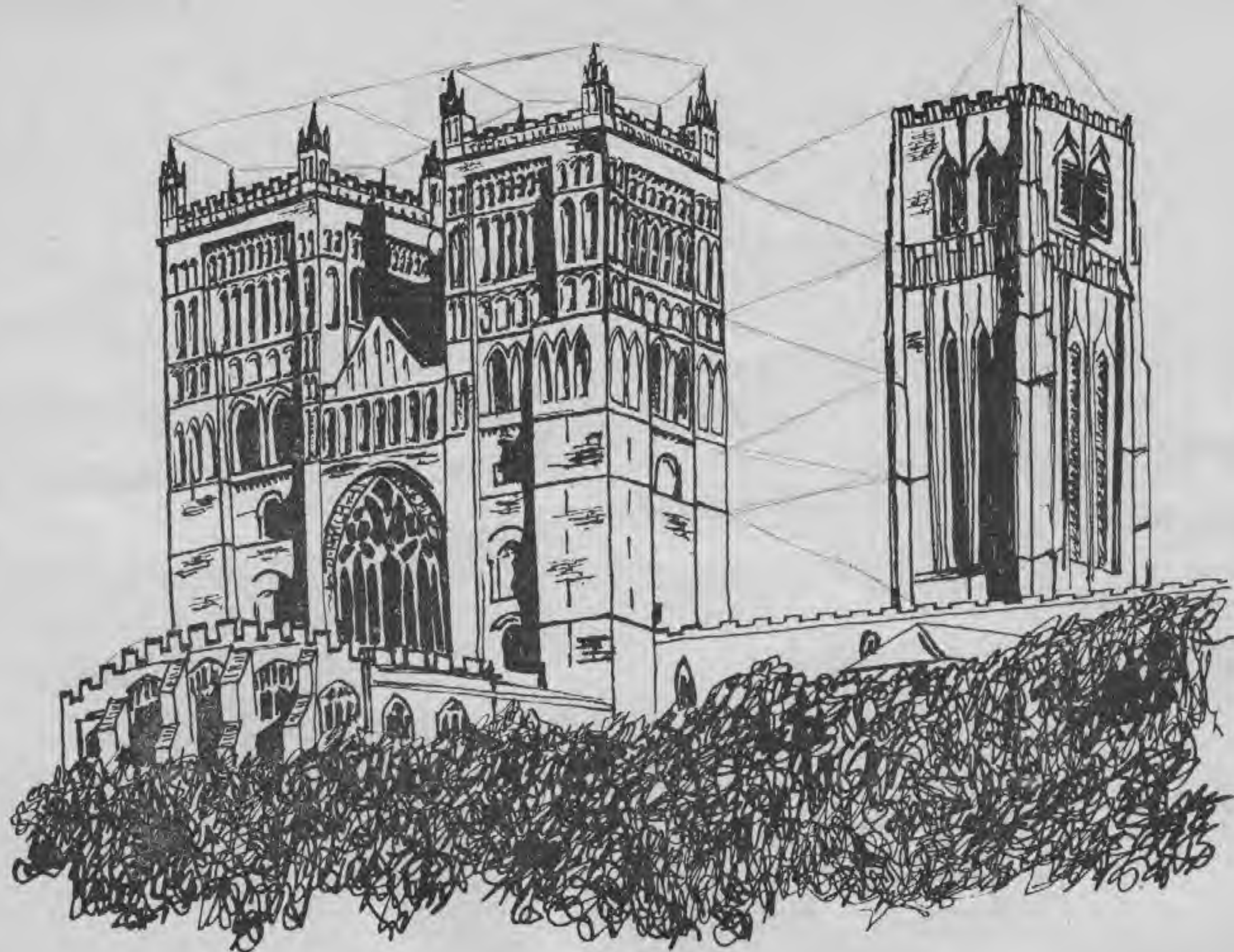
The room,  
Empty, but for paper, pen, desk, chair,  
And me,  
Sitting there.

The door,  
Swings open, gently, quietly, slowly,  
My mother,  
Standing, tray in hand, dinner.

"Writing ?"  
Said Mother, in her soft and quiet way.  
Me, writing ?  
I'm just resting, finished for the day.

*Malcolm Bowes, 4C.*





### *CARELESS HANDS*

It was cold,  
So cold and windy that Saturday afternoon  
As I stood there,  
Between the goalposts, freezing  
And waiting optimistically for that precious final whistle.  
There seemed no danger of defeat  
As I had not much work to do.  
A free kick was awarded,  
It was a fair way out  
And seemed harmless enough.  
It came to me softly,  
So softly  
As though thrown for a baby to catch  
I got down for it  
As I did so  
My hands melted  
The ball going through so easily  
So agonisingly  
So embarrassingly it was untrue.  
Inside me  
I heard supporters laughing  
My pride seemed to crumble,  
As my team looked at me in disgust  
How that game lingered on  
and still does  
It haunts me at times  
As I go over the motions in my mind,  
But that unbelievable mistake.  
Made a better player out of me.

*Keith Tarn, 4C.*

### *THE STORM*

Violent clouds descended to Earth  
Boisterous wind, filled with mirth  
Electrocuting lightning embroidered the ebony skies  
Tempestuous rain beats like a drum on the ground  
Harsh, icy hail stones begin to pound  
Yet, in an instant, the sun shone through.

*Ann Burdis, 2D.*



### *THE DEADLY SPRAYCAN*

There was a frenzied buzzing sound,  
A whirling round the room,  
It settled on the window sill,  
That was to be its tomb.  
With spraycan at the ready,  
I aimed a deadly squirt,  
But trying to get me aim straight,  
It ended on me shirt.

I caught it with a long shot.  
Then watched it kiking hard.  
Then I got a funny feeling,  
I'd stained me heavenly card.  
What have I done? I'm sorry God.  
These wasps they do no harm.  
Except a time last summer,  
When one stung me in my arm.

I vowed to be kind to wasps,  
And that indeed I am.  
I felt so awfully cruel then,  
With me deadly new spraycan.

*Carol Anne Yuill, 3B.*

### *CONCENTRATE !*

My mind is blank like the paper before me,  
The words are hidden in the mist of my thoughts.  
I must write a poem but the ideas escape me  
No brain-storm just empty ports.

Mother is knitting like a clockwork machine  
Oh ! I yearn for peaceful bliss  
The 'phone rings, my concentration is gone  
Did Shakespeare have problems like this ?

Think, boy, think ! Forget the noise  
Verses will come just give them time.  
The hands of my watch creep slowly round  
But the words are beginning to rhyme.

The mist has cleared, the poem is unveiled  
And it floats down to the page,  
Like some exquisite bird of paradise  
Set free from its cage.

*Graeme Walker, 3A.*

## IRISH LAMENT

"Bomb-blast in Crossmaglen,  
The I.R.A. strikes again!"  
Injured people, dead and dying,  
Women screaming, children crying.

The army with ambulances are soon upon the scene,  
To where only a while before a playground had been.  
And two young soldiers on their first patrol,  
Curse and pray as they count the death toll.

Sectarian killings surely aren't His will,  
To think religion has driven men to kill.  
Once, "Three Soldiers Dead" was a headline solemn,  
Now, a few lines only are printed low down a column.

Armagh, Newry, Portadown,  
Belfast, Londonderry and Cookstown,  
All Northern Ireland is in the fray  
With senseless killings and maimings each day.

Protestants and Catholics must surely realise,  
We are all brothers and sisters in our Lord's eyes.  
So for future generations may peace reign  
And Ireland's fair landscape be green again.

*Graeme Walker, 3A.*

## FIRE

Under the door  
It comes creeping,  
Up and round  
In a whirl of smoke  
Stifling and breath taking.  
Flames follow  
Like snakes a creeping,  
Higher and higher,  
Growing hotter, white hot sizzling.  
Black smoke, spluttering,  
Closer, scorching,  
Red, orange, bright yellow,  
Blinding, killing,  
Everyone gone, forever,  
It dies away flickering,  
Once so dangerous,  
But at last dead.

*Anonymous, 4A.*



## THE TALE OF ROBBING DRESHELBOTTLE

ONCE upon a time there lived, near Nottingham, a man named Septimus van Dreshelbottle. He had once been rich but one day the evil, horrible, gruesome tax collector, Dennis Stealy, called and took away all his money.

Septimus was going to live in Sherbert Forest but this had been chopped down and replaced by houses, garages, and multi-storey flats on the orders of the wicked Sheriff of Nottingham, Brian Clough. So Septimus moved to Hamsterley Forest where he met a man who worked in the local chip shop. His name was Tuck, commonly known as Fryer Tuck. They formed a group of merry men with several other villains who happened to be Basques from Northern Spain, and they decided to hold up the next royal mail van. All the money was to be given to the Forestry Commission Benevillains' Fund.

Since the raid was successful they decided to rob the bank at Hamsterley, the one next to the lamppost. The two outside guards they tickled to death. The Basques' bow strings were pulled taut and a hail of arrows was let fly, which bounced off the bullet-proof windows of the bank and killed three of them. Then, around the corner rumbled a sixty-ton Royal Tiger tank with an 88 mm gun.

"Go ahead; you chaps! Fire this jolly old gun here. Jolly high explosive shells," cried tank officer Cecil Carruthers-Smythe.

All the Basques tried to run out of the same exit but they were wedged and, when a shell hurtled into them, they disintegrated.

So, as a memorial to Septimus, the lamppost at Hamsterley was bent to an angle of ninety degrees.

There are two morals to this story:—

If at first you do succeed, don't try again;  
and,  
Don't put all your Basques in one exit.

*Christopher Patterson, 2A.  
Ian Kay, 2A.*

## THE TYRANT TEDDY

ONCE upon a time there lived a leader of the Conservative party called Mrs. Spatula. Now Sailor Teddy was very annoyed with her because she had pinched his seat! (in the House of Commons). Teddy decided to kidnap Mrs. Spatula and exile her to Australia where Mr. Brickhut lived. So, he enlisted the help of Mr. Enoch Knees and Mr. Anthony China-Tomm and abducted Mrs. Spatula from the hair-dressing salon where Mr. Warp was having his Russian hat re-furred. She was wrapped in an "Iron Curtain" and thrown into the hull of the *'Morning Cloud.'*

However the *'Morning Cloud'* sank in a collision with an Icelandic Gunboat and Mrs. Spatula and Teddy were thrown overboard. Mary Lighthouse attempted to save one of them because she objected to mixed bathing, but failed and so Shirley Williams had to tow them to safety in her shopping basket.

There was a welcoming committee at the harbour, it was Cyril Smith. Then, all the members of parliament went to Westminster Abbey to thank Dave Allen for the rescue of Mrs. Spatula. Pope Paisley preached and Mary Wilson read her book of poems and everybody was thoroughly bored. Meanwhile back at No. 10 Mrs. Wilson's Labrador and Clement Freud savaged Teddy to death and everyone was overjoyed. Now, Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Spatula formed a coalition government and everybody lived in poverty and despair for ever after.

Moral: Too many politicians spoil a happy ending.

*Anonymous, 4A.*

## TRANSCIENCE

Life  
Is a snowflake, lucid, limpid, falling cold  
Then melting;  
Is love, burning  
Then dissolving  
Is a seed, potent, pregnant, giving life  
Then decaying;  
Is a child pure  
Then perishing;  
Is a snowflake, lucid, limpid, falling cold  
Then melting;  
Is Dying.

*Peter Allen, L.VI.*



## THE CANDLE

As evening approaches and curtains are drawn,  
The house seems dismal and dark,  
A sturdy white candle is brought to the room,  
And we light it to brighten the gloom.

The flame grows bright yellow,  
The wax trickles down,  
Making odd shapes,  
In the holder of brown.

It seems to grow shorter,  
In no time at all,  
Still casting weird shadows all round the wall.

With a blackened wick  
Bending and curling  
Filling the air with blue smoke whirling,  
One last flicker and the light has gone  
The room once more is filled with gloom.

*Vivienne Moss, IV.*

## THE DEAD CITY

The city had stood there for ages long,  
Until the fall of the Atomic Bomb,  
That was the prize of some scientist's dream,  
But no one had heard the people scream.

The death and destruction was a terrible sight,  
Caused by 'progress' in all its might.  
Some people in the world die of starvation,  
Now the new death is radiation.

The bomb was dropped as a trial, for fun,  
But now its work has been done,  
Millions of people had died in a blast,  
Which had happened so quickly, so fast.

The ruins of the city are still there today,  
People have not forgotten, even though they say,  
That the war is nothing but history now,  
But how could it have happened, tell me, how?

*Mark Pentecost, 3A.*

## *THE BALLAD OF THE DINING HALL*

A mathematician of five years standing he was  
Who looked forward to the Lower Sixth with glee  
Having worked out on his pocket calculator  
That twenty-four from forty leaves sixteen lessons free.  
But there were things his machine had not disclosed  
Things to happen, things to befall  
Things to disturb his endeavours to work  
In that  
In October came a maiden from afar  
Rich in tan and Arab of birth  
Whose newly acquired Geordie accent  
In future lessons did cause some mirth  
Then came a pantomime  
And parts to recite  
So our hero's homework  
Had to be done at night.  
And yet more problems did disturb his peace  
And by decree of higher powers did send him running  
After teachers, late comers and absentees  
And even for unpaid dinner money.  
And now we are in our final term  
About to leave the gloom  
For the unknown delights  
Of the Sixth Form Common Room.

*Anonymous.*

## *A MIGRAINE HEADACHE*

Pain drumming at my temples,  
Then shooting across my brow,  
Already soaked with a feverish sweat.  
Eyes, drowsy and filled with pain,  
Under the much wrinkled forehead;  
Burning hot, then cold and damp.  
The room revolving around me.  
A buzzing in my ears.  
Louder and louder.  
My mind in a turmoil;  
Thoughts of remorse and despair;  
Tears forcing their way to my eyes.  
Tears of pain, anger and desperation.

*Dorothy Donald, 3A.*



## THE SHIRE HORSE

The Shire horse,  
With piston legs and a lion's heart,  
Nearly a ton of graft and sweat,  
Of muscle and bone.

The Shire horse,  
Heaving the plough through the  
rough and rugged earth,  
Whose hooves trample the emerald grass down,  
Squeezing the life out of this common plant,  
Step by step.

The shire horse,  
A magnificent animal,  
As strong as a tank  
And as gentle as a lamb.

The shire horse,  
Standing seventeen hands high,  
With the majestic air of a king,  
With grandeur of an age gone by.

The shire horse,  
Such a handsome beast,  
Taken over by a mechanical monstrosity,  
With rubber hooves churning up the mud,  
A diesel driven heart which belches  
Out pollution into the country air,

The shire horse,  
Not forgotten but ignored,  
Too slow,  
Poor productivity,  
Profit, not pleasure,  
Is the most important thing.

*John White, 3A.*

## WEARDALE

Over the hills and dales,  
Over the border into Ireshopeburn,  
Down into Wearhead,  
Then, over the babbling brooks,  
Until we come to Killhopeburn.

Over the hedges, through the fields,  
Stepping over stones, in gushing streams,  
If you add beautiful scenery you have

WEARDALE !

*Marilyn Hobson, 2C.*

## MRS. SMITH AND THE CEILING

ONE night my parents went out to dinner leaving Mrs. Smith to babysit. She settled down by the fire with her knitting while my brother played cards at her feet. Suddenly, with a rumble and a crash, the ceiling fell down on them. My brother was so frightened he put his head under the chair cushions before scuttling out of the room. You might have expected Mrs. Smith to do the same but she didn't. She just sat there with her knitting and moved closer to the fire.

Late that night when my parents returned she merely said, "The ceiling's fallen in. It was a bit of a surprise but I've been quite comfortable."

Needless to say the ceiling was replastered and I expect that Mrs. Smith has completely forgotten about it !

*Eleanor Wilson, IV.*



## THE WORM

One day in the garden  
While I was weeding  
Pulling out bits and pieces  
I came across a worm  
Yes, a worm.  
A thing that is so common  
As I picked it up  
It started squirming  
And wriggling  
and jumping  
I thought  
Oh, I have hurt it  
But no.  
It was just frightened  
So I put it down  
It slithered away  
Slowly  
Like spaghetti  
And disappeared.

*Lynn Clarke, 3B.*

## SHARK

Calm, hypnotised sea,  
Gulls flying high on the warm thermals,  
White waves making their endless journey,  
The aquarium is placid.  
Below the meniscus all is blue,  
Erratic wave motions, a troubled soul waits for its doom,  
It arrives.  
The shadow glides over the rock and sleeping ocean,  
Eye penetrating the emerald view,  
Sleek outline, black like the feeling of disappointment,  
Mouth is a hole, a dark endless pit,  
Writhing with spears that glisten with the warm sun's rays.  
It comes like day, unhindered by time,  
The tail propels the danger towards the doomed fish,  
Flash,  
It darts and scoops its meal,  
Eye, once void is now smiling.

*Sheila Towe, 3A.*

## SNOW DAY

Down came the snow flakes  
Crisp, white, intricate.  
Lying silently covering the hard frosted ground.  
A wind lifts the delicate etched tree branches  
To move the dry powder into heaps, hollows, walls  
Driving, whirling the wind howls and blusters.  
Trees stretch waking in winter's long sleep.

Blizzard blowing snow piled high in drifts.  
People hurrying indoors to warm fires  
Cold, cold icicles form on dripping pipes  
Night falls and passes.

As morning spreads its misty light  
Over a snow bound landscape  
Children appear, their ruddy faces snuggled in woollen hats  
Dragging sleds, pulling on mittens.  
The silent wilderness awakes  
Young voices echo from distant school fields.

Four o'clock, the children rush home  
Leaving behind a scarred pavement  
Like a tear in white satin.  
Five o'clock, night begins to fall  
All is deserted, nothing stirs,  
The fields are empty  
Only one silent figure  
A snow man  
Whose very presence spells  
Loneliness.

*Angela Britton, 2A.*



## FIFTY YEARS BACK — from 'The Phoenix' 1926

EVERYONE is fully aware of the great amount of poetic and literary talent which exists throughout the School. Yet when you ask a pupil to do anything for the Mag. you are answered by a stoney stare of silent refusal or a more definite and more striking mode of reply—in the negative.

\* \* \*

The Magazine costs sixpence to produce, exactly sixpence, neither more or less. In future please pay promptly.

\* \* \*

A recent innovation in the pen line is an instrument known as the fountain-pen. They are very useful when you wish to borrow ink, especially if yours is of large capacity.

\* \* \*

Nowadays, all save the Wolsingham pupils travel to school by railway train. This is a much more comfortable mode of travel and has been received with approval by the pupils who travel thus. Wolsingham station has never handled so many passengers per week at any other time in its history.

\* \* \*

We are now launched into the Christmas term and are, at the time of writing, practising for the Pantomime. When I say "we are practising," I mean the Choir, which consists of three-fourths of the School. Every dinner-hour between one o'clock and one-thirty, some part of the Choir is practising in the Hall, and the first lesson on Monday afternoon is now entirely devoted to choir practice, much to the sorrow of several members of the staff, and to the great joy of a great number of pupils who evidently prefer bidding 'Good-night' to their 'Beloveds' to the lesson they ought to be having. A name has not yet been decided upon for the Pantomime, but we have it on good authority that it will be called either '*Princess Elizabeth*' or '*Any Old Time*.'



J. DIXON L6MS.





Love  
Val

G. W.

Almon Gilman

Love  
Sue

Lyn

Sun Vasey

Frederica  
Hawley

Christina

~~John~~

New Melodie!

John White

Craygs

Edly!

To You  
Love from  
me (Marta)

Father  
Rossiter

Love  
Judith

*[Red ink signature]*